

An Excellent Ballad, ¹¹⁴⁰
CALLED, ^{11622. C2}
David and Bersheba. ⁹



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David and Bersheba.

WHEN David in Jerufalem
As royal king did rule and reig
Behold what happened unto him,
That afterwards did cause him pain :
On the top of all his palace,
A goodly prospect there had he,
From whence he might, as pleas'd
grace,

Many a gallant garden see.

It chanced so upon a day
The king went forth to take the air,
Ail in the pleasant moth of May,
Whereas he spy'd a lady fair :
Her beauty was most excellent,
And brighter than the morning sun,
By which the king incontinent
Was to her favour quickly won.

She stood within a pleasant bower,
All naked, for to wash her there,

er body, like a lilly flower,
 Was cover'd with her filken hair :
 The king was wounded with her love,
 And who she was he did enquire;
 He could not his affections move,
 He had in her such great desire.

She is Uriah's wife, said they,
 A captain of your princely train,
 Who in the wars is now away,
 And she doth all alone remain.
 Then, said the king, bring her to me,
 For with her love my heart is slain;
 The queen of beauty sure is she,
 For whom I do great grief sustain.

The servants they did soon prepare
 To do the message of the king,
 And Bersheba, that lady fair,
 They to the royal court did bring.
 The king rejoiced at her sight,
 And won her love, and laid her by :
 When they in sport had spent the night,
 And that the sun was risen high,

The king his leave most kindly took,
 Till that three moonths were gone and past,
 And then again he did return,
 With wonderous speed and haste :

And then in Bersheba so fair,
 She found her former health exil'd,
 By certain tokens she well knew
 The king had gotten her with child.

Then to the king she made her moan,
 And told him how the case did stand:
 The king sent for her husband home,
 To cloak the matter out of hand.
 When from the camp Uriah came,
 The king receiv'd him courteously,
 Demanding how all things did frame
 Concerning of the enemy.

Uriah shew'd his highness all
 The accidents of warlike strife.
 Then said the king, this night you shall
 Keep company with your own wife.
 The Ark of God, Uriah said,
 With Judah's host and Israel,
 Keep in the field, and not a man
 Within the house where they do dwell:

Then shall I take my rest, quoth he,
 In bed of down, with my fair wife?
 Oh, king! he said, that may not be,
 So long as I enjoy my life.
 Then did the king a letter frame,
 To Jeab general of the host,

And by Uriah feat the same,
But certain his life it did cost.

And when the king for certain knew
Uriah thus had murder'd been,
Fair Bersheba to court he drew,
And made of her his royal queen.
Then God that saw this wicked deed,
Was angry at king David's sin;
The prophet Nathan then with speed
Came thus complaining unto him:

O David, ponder what I say,
A great abuse to thee I tell;
For thou that rul'st with equity,
Shouldst see thy people gover'd well:
Two men within the city dwell,
The one is rich, the other poor;
The rich in cattle doth excel,
The other nothing has in store

Saving one little silly sheep,
Which young he did with money buy,
And with his bread he did it feed
Amongst his children tenderly.
The rich man had a stranger came
Unto his house that lov'd him dear,
The poor man's sheep therefore he took,
And thereof made his friend good cheer:

Because that he his own would save,
He us'd the man most cruelly.

Theu, by the Lord, the king did swear
The rich man for that fault should die.

THOU ART THE MAN, the prophet said:
The princely crown God gave to thee;
Thy Lord's wives thou thine own hast
made,

And many more of fair beauty.

Why hast thou so defil'd thy life,
And slain Uriah with the sword,
And taken home his wedded wife,
Regarding not God's holy word?
Therefore, behold, thus saith the Lord,
Great wars upon thy house shall be;
Because my laws thou hast abhor'd,
Much I'll be sure to cast on thee.

I'll take thy wives before thy face,
And give them to thy neighbour's use;
And thou thereby shalt reap disgrace,
For men shall laugh at thy abuse.
Then David cry'd most piteously,
Sore have I sinn'd against the Lord,
In mercy therefore look on me,
Let not my prayers now be abhor'd.

But as the prophet to him,
So did it after chance indeed;

(7)

For God did greatly plague his sin,
As in the Bible you may read.
The scourge of sin you thus may see,
For murder and adultery ;
And grant that we may warned be
Such crying sins to shun and flee.

F I N I S.



Old Songs, *printed for* S. Gamidge.

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| Anacreon's Feast. | Guy of Warwick. |
| Berkshire Lady. | Hampshire Tragedy. |
| Bite upon Bite. | Humours of Rag Fair. |
| Bloody Battle between a
Taylor and a Louse. | Jane Shore. |
| Bloody Gardener. | Lady's Fall. |
| Bristol Bridegroom. | Leeds Tragedy; or, The
Bloody Brother. |
| Broken Contract. | Mournful Tragedy. |
| Cat-skin. | New Mad Tom. |
| Chevy Chace. | Northern Knight's Gar-
land. |
| Children in the Wood. | Oxford Ramble. |
| Choice Pennyworth of
Wit. | Oxford Tragedy; or,
Rosana's Overthrow. |
| Cobler's wife's discovery | Plymouth Tragedy; or,
Susan's Overthrow. |
| Country John's unfortu-
nate Ramble to London | Poor Robin's Dream. |
| Courtly Garland. | Pretty Green Coat Boy. |
| Cruel Stepmother. | Seven Champions of
Christendom. |
| Death and the Lady. | Somersetshire Tragedy. |
| Death of Sir Andrew
Barton. | Spanish Lady's Love to
an English Captain. |
| Disobedient Son and
Cruel Husband. | Squire Vernon's Fox-
Chace. |
| Distrest Lady's Garland. | Teague's Ramble. |
| Dorsetshire Miracle. | Transported Felons. |
| Factor's Garland. | Wandering Prince of
Troy. |
| Fair Maudlin. | Wandering Shepherdess. |
| Famous Flower of Ser-
ving Men. | Welsh Wedding. |
| Glocestershire Tragedy. | Western Garland. |
| Golden Bull. | Yarmouth Tragedy. |
| Good Housewife's Coat
of Arms. | |